THE Numb. 23.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From Friday Auguſt 26, to Monday Auguſt 29, 1709.

SIR *Charles Traffick* in *Mark-Lane*, who is not only eſteem'd a Man of infinite Treaſure, but the moſt Polite, Converſable, and beſt bred Merchant in the City, gave me yeſterday an Invitation to Dinner; the Entertainment was ſo far from the groſsneſs of a City Feaſt, that it ſhow'd all the Eaſe, the Elegance and Grandeur of the Court. The Company was adapted to the Treat, Merchants, yet Men of Genius, Judgment and Vivacity, which proves, that the City, tho' a meer Leaden Mine, does ſometimes produce a Sample of the brighteſt Oar; but as People ſeldom propoſe to themſelves a happy Interview, but ſome troubleſome Impertinent jarrs their inte ded Harmony, our Felicity was interrupted by the Affectation of that Monumental ſtalking, ſuperbe, and moſt regular Piece of Clock-Work, Mr. *Stately*, his Converſation is really great, his Notions fine, and well digeſted; he argues from right Reaſon, and his Aſſertions are plain Demonſtration, and his Behaviour to the Ladies obliging, pleaſant, and reſpectful; but his Spleen, Uneaſineſs, WomaniſhObſervations, and the improper Liberties he takes, make the Lady of ev'ry Family dread his Appearance, the Company conſequently out of Humour, and Servants abominate him: He has a ſoft, ſickly, drawling way of Speech, like Lady *Dainty* in the Comedy; has his Vapours, Hectick's, and Hypocondraick's, thinks the Spleen as pretty a Companion for a fine Gentleman, as ſqueamiſhneſs for a fine Lady, and that a Month's Illneſs in great State, is like a Woman of Quality's Lying-in; he divides his Sleep, Buſineſs, Eating, and Recreation into exact proportions, and ſhou'd any of 'em incroach the leaſt upon the other, he is ſeiz'd with a Complication of affected Maladies, and the Doctors are immediately ſummon'd to Conſultation, but the ſight of 'em diſtracts him; he tells 'em, *Æſculapius* was a Quack, and they are a pack of illiterate Aſſes; that his Horſe is a Creature of more Underſtanding, and he'll try what the Air will do, and is ſo very delicate, that were it not for publick deriſion, his Man muſt dreſs him in clean white Gloves, hold his Breath while he ſhaves him, his Perriwig brought home in a Chair, and his Horſe's Bridle given him in a Damask Napkin; he Complains where he's invited, *That 'tis five Minutes beyond the appointed time, and Dinner is not yet upon Table, Enquires of ev'ry body, when Dinner will be ready* —— *Mr.* Worthy, *how can you bear the Lazineſs of Servants? Mine are the horrideſt Fellows that ever G--d let live* —— *I'll ſtrip 'm faith.* Come, *John*, ſet Chairs, good *John.* *You'll excuſe me, Mr* Worthy, *if I miſcal your Man, One can't burthen one's Head with Servants Names; where-ev'r I go, I cry* John *to the Footman, and* Mary *to the Maid; my own Servants, had I a hundred, wou'd all be* Johns *and* Marys. His Diſcourſe at Table runs, That not one Family in the City underſtands good Eating, and very rarely the Diſh before him eſcapes ſome Correction. Yeſterday *Harry Wealthy* dragg'd him home, His Wife was as big as *Cheapſide Conduit*, and his Daughters a couple of ill-natur'd Things, 'tis well he can give 'em Ten Thouſand Pounds: but the Dinner was the worſt contriv'd, worſt marſhall'd greaſy Medley, he wonders what he has done to People, that they ſhou'd endeavour to Poyſon him, and wou'd n't Dine with ſuch a Fellow again, wou'd he give him his Eſtate. Mr. *Stately*, tho' he was bred to Merchandize, and his Riches are the produce of Traffick, yet having a finer Thread of Underſtanding than his Brother Traders, looks as Contemptibly on 'em, as great Mathematicians do upon Mechanick Students; he thinks Buſineſs Condeſcenſion in him, and that when he over reach s a Mercer in ſelling a parcel of Silks, he does him a very great Honour in dealing with him; he treads the Exchange as loftily, as if he came there only to gaze at the Statues, and neither ſees nor ſpeaks to any body he meets: If you have Buſineſs with him, tho it be of importance, and requires expedition, he defers it till he has din'd, and then bids you call upon him early next Morning; his Stile is haughty and commanding, and he ſcorns to make the firſt Propoſal, tho' it be about an Affair that concerns himſelf only; the greateſt Merchants and the greateſt Aldermen, he calls, *Jaſper Indico*, *Ferdinand Florence*, and *Peregrine Pomegranate:* Sad Souls! I wonder, Mr. *Worthy*, you'll muddle away your Evenings with ſuch deſpicable Wretches, the very Noſe of a Tavern is being in a Beſieged Town, and the Company worſe than Common Draught Wine; yet moſt Men court his Converſation, obliviate his Reflections, and buckle to his Pride. He's a mighty Advocate for the County of *Surrey*, and can't believe People can breathe freely in any part of *England*, except *Banſtead Downs*: *Epſom* indeed he pretends to have an Averſion to, 'tis all hurry and confuſion, he cou'd as ſoon Sleep in a Camp, therefore his Lodgings are two Miles off; yet he is always galloping to *Epſom*, and diſplaying himſelf in Publick, but abominates their Diverſions; *Bowls* are perfect ſlavery, *Roly Poly* makes him giddy, *Raffling* is fit for Women and Children, and thoſe noiſy Rascals the Fidlers, deſerve to have their Heads broke; he tells the Ladies, he has frequently ſet out to viſit 'em, but ſuch loads of Fellows crowd ev'ry Door, that 'tis perfectly running the Gantlet to paſs thro' 'em; wonders what

what pleaſure there can be in ſuch a fluttering Foppiſh Place, and is always railing at what he practiſes himſelf: In ſhort, Mr *Stately* is an old Batchelor, whom the Ladies have lately banter'd upon the brink of Matrimony; that State is ſeldom reckon'd to Cure the Spleen, but Beauty has been of wonderful Energy, humbl'd Tyrants, tam'd Savages, made Fools of Wiſe Men, and given apprehenſions to almoſt inanimate Beings: However, a Lady runs a very great hazard in beſtowing her ſelf on ſo whimſical a Perſon; 'tis true, a Man of Senſe ſeldom abuſes a Woman, but when Spleen, which is a ſort of Melancholy Madneſs, gets the pre-eminence of Reaſon, the ſame Object grows tedious to the diſtemper'd Appetite, and the beſt Treatment ſhe can expect, is cold Civility, which generally dwindles into downright Negligence.

'Advices from the *Temple* give an Account, that 'not long ſince a Barbers Boy, with a Box under his 'Arm, and a Perriwig comb'd out in his hand, came 'to a certain Gentleman's Chamber, and finding 'no body obſerv'd him, left the Box at the 'Chamber Door, and went away with the Perriwig: 'The Gentleman coming home, open'd the Box, and 'found in it a Boy of about 6 Weeks old; and whether it were thro' the ſuddenneſs of the ſurprize, or 'the guilt of any Affair he had formerly had, but he 'was in the greateſt Conſternation imaginable; ſome 'Friends came to his aſſiſtance, and a Nurſe was ſent 'for, who upon examining, diſcover'd, that a Perriwig-maker in *Long Acre* had about 6 Weeks paſt, ſent 'that very Child to be Nurs'd by the ſame Woman; 'but not paying for it, ſhe had ſent it back to him. 'The Day before it came to the *Temple*, the Grave Benchers, who have abhorr'd lewd Practices theſe 20 'Years, were in ſuch a Rage, that they immediately 'enter'd an Action againſt the Barber, and the Young 'Students are ſo furious in the matter, that unleſs he 'preſents each of 'em with a *French* Night-Cap, they 'reſolve to ferret him out of the Kingdom. I muſt 'own it very impertinent in ſuch Fellows, to ſend 'their Brats to the *Temple*, when it is not to be ſuppoſed, that the ſorry Off-ſprings of Barbers, Taylors, '*&c.* can ever attain to a Senſe of *Cook* upon *Littleton*; beſides, 'tis moſt unreaſonable to deſire it, when the 'Students have but ſix Nurſes allow'd 'em, to over-lay 'their own Natural Children; ſo many Women don't 'trip thro' the Inns of Court for nothing; 'tis true, 'Sempſtreſſes often bring home new Linnen, Tradeſmen's Wives may very innocently Breakfaſt with 'their Cozens, admire their Pictures, and wiſh they 'had Copies of 'em; but ſometimes ſtrange things are 'done, which one wou'd hardly believe, and when a 'ſprightly Barriſter, finding a decay of ſmart Pleaders, ſhall out of a Regard of Ingenuity, apply himſelf to a witty, good humour'd Lady, the Benchers 'ought to take particular Care of the promiſing Production, for the Honour of their Profeſſion, which 'in time perhaps may make as great a Figure, as 'an *Old Baily* Yelper, that trots the Circuit upon a 'Hackney, or a Country Knight's legitimate Booby, 'who has no other Buſineſs than to keep Courts for 'his Relations.

*** *Whereas ſeveral Conceited Fellows about Town, think themſelves Wits, by uſing improper Epithets, and larding their Converſation with the Terms of their Profeſſions,* A Lawyer ſends you a Subpæna to meet him at ſuch a Tavern; *the Merchant writes,* immediately upon ſight hereof fail not to come, *&c. the Draper crys,* I'm ſtepp'd about fifty Yards off; *and the Seaman* drops Anchor with you; *the Poet delivers himſelf,* Scene, a Room full of good Company, Enter Drawer with a Decanter and clean Glaſſes; *the Muſician calls it,* Cremona Wine; *the Oxonian,* Orthodox Wine; *the 'Pothecary* Vina Anti Splenetica; *the Printer deſires* a Proof of it; *and the Diſtiller cries,* with all my Spirit; *a Mathematician wants* a Quadrangular French Rowl; *an Aſtrologer* a Fortunatus's Napkin Cap; *an Antiquarian* a Roman Goblet of Small Beer; *and an Inginer ought to* have ſprung a Mine, to ha' blown up 'em all into the Air. *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *thinks ſuch Cant infinitely below punning, and that ſuch Fellows ought to be as much diſpiſed, as our Comical Coxcombs that mimick ſquinting, imitate Caterwawling, and act a Drunken Man, till by ſipping they really become ſo; and when they get into Womens Company, think it a mighty jeſt to pull a Snake out of their Pockets, to ſet 'em all upon the Skuttle.*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** The Hiſtory of the Campaign in Flanders, for the Year 1708. Containing a faithful and exact Account of all the moſt material Actions, &c. with ſome Original Papers never before made publick. To which is prefix'd a Map of Lille, and the adjacent Countries. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, price 1 s. Where may be had a brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with relation to the prejudice it receives by the Clandeſtine Importation of Wooll from Ireland and France. Both ſold by moſt Bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, price 1 s.

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†‡† A Pindarick ODE on His Excellency John Duke of Marlborough, Prince of the Holy Empire, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Marlborough, &c. with a View of the 3 laſt Glorious and Memorable Campaigns. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, Price Six Pence.

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